

MILK

12th



Mr. Verlin's ZONO

TWO MYTHOLOGICAL BEINGS
ARGUE OVER WHICH IS THE BEST
HUMAN HOLIDAY...

CHRISTMAS!

HALLOWEEN!

CHRISTMAS!

HALLOWEEN!



Rick Livingston

One Summer day when I was a kid, my Mom
and Dad took my Sister & me to see my Rich
Cunt and Uncle in Anthony, Kansas!!!

We Saw Through Balleys

My Aunt and Uncle
were God-fearing,
up-tight elders...
Pillars of their
Small community...



Art and Story
by

MR. VERLIN

And our parents warned us
to be on
our best
behavior...



We tried, too.
We Really did...

...my Relatives were old and set in their ways and not very used to children. Seemed everything we did in their House got us into trouble!!



It was a warm summer
day and after it be-
came clear that we
were making our hosts un-
lady...

Go OUTSIDE

& PLAY

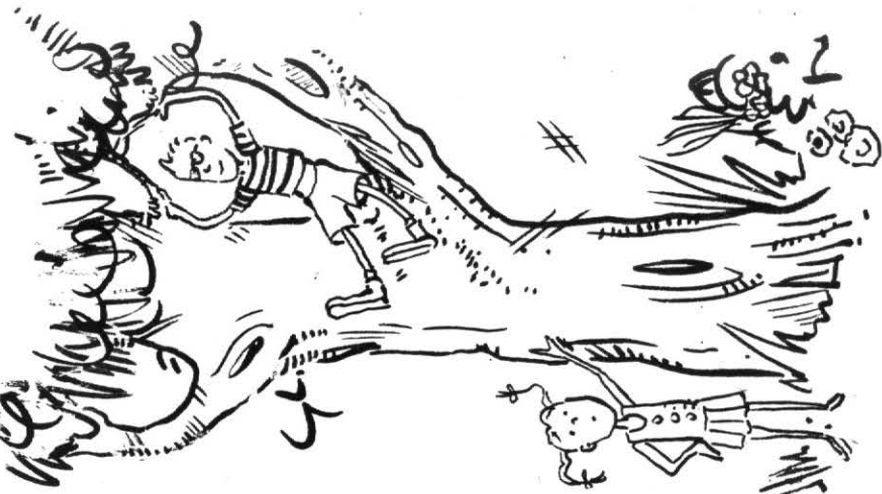
you're free
at last!



...but, it was even
boring in the yard...



We Climbed
a tree for
a while,
watched
the clouds...



Finally, we started
playing Tag
again. While
we were
running
around I
accidentally
knocked
over their
garbage
can...

we
better
pick it
up or
we'll get
yelled at
again!

In the trash we found these
funny little boxes. I
opened one up and inside
was what I thought was a
strange rubber BALLOON!!



We didn't know what to
make of them - individually
wrapped balloons that were
kind of clear when you
blew them up...



They were also covered with powder
and evidently real old
cuz they popped very
easy, but...

...they were
Good for stretch-
ing so we
could shoot
each other...

We played with them
for hours. The neighbors
came out and watched
us, but didn't even
say "Hi"!

We Blew
And we bunch
up a bunch
and tossed
them around.



My uncle wouldn't
let us keep the see-through
balloons and quickly
gathered them up and
took them in the
house...

My aunt
kinda turned
color...

Mom yelled at us all the way
home, but we couldn't figure
out just what we did wrong....

When my parents
were ready to
go, my relatives
came out to
see us off.
Boy! They
acted weird!

I found out my girlfriend
was screwing this wanna-be
artist we affectionately
called "Mr. SLEAZE"...

BOTH
VERY
WIRED



I love him.
He beats me
and gives me
drugs...

Say, can
you loan
me some
more
money?

THREADS OBVIOUSLY
SCAVENGED FROM
MR. SLEAZE'S OUT-DATEDLY
FUNKY WARDROBE.

That
night



Totally devastated and
in a deep drunken coma
these friends and sometimes
GUARDIAN ANGELS of mine
toasted my DRUNKEN
CARCASS...



...up to the MOUNTAINS AND THE
PINES for a FREAK FESTIVAL
the LOCALS CALL...

KEOGAE OR THE RIVER

by
Mr. Verlin



There were lots of
naked, high people
groovin' to the
JAMERICAN beat...



...and AN uptight, backwoods neighbor
named HALEY that wouldn't let us
camp on his worthless LAND (just over the fence).



©*!!★
move them
sleepin' bags!



(in a way you CAN'T blame him, tho' - he was just
AFRAID some DAMN "HIPPIE" would put a joint
in the dry grass and torch his place...)

We were probably one of the milder van-loads on the other side of Haley's fence, But I'm sure we looked pretty suspicious to him...

Steve Madison - wild, drug-wolfing ex-Marine, gonzo dancing-fool!

Hey, Mon!

I'm a Rasta warrior!

"Elfling" Bones - music authority and Den-mother to the deranged,

I forgot to buy a t-shirt!

Baldwin Dooley, CAPTAIN of the INFAMOUS "COOL-MO-VAN",

I must be having fun - I'm getting sick!

URK!

And me, in a hung-over, crushed-love, stupid daze...

The drumming never stopped!



It was a wild, sunny Saturday. We'd listen to the music, then cool-off in the river

Haley'd drive back and forth just beyond the fence, making sure no one stepped over the boundary.



He kept constant surveillance on his Freaky "Neighbors".

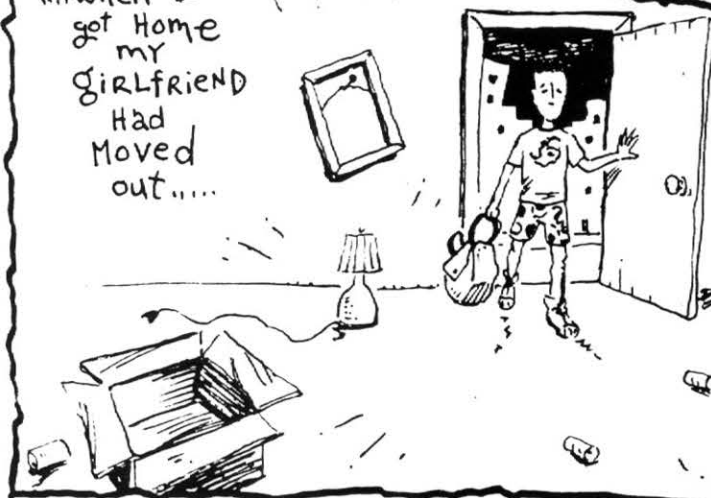


But, by the middle of the next day even Haley was swimming in the river with all the Hippies - digging all the naked "babes" no doubt... although he kept on his shorts (and his camaflouge hat and mirrored sunglasses, for that matter)



That night we slept on Haley's land and he was evidently too tired to come kick us out.

...When I got home my girlfriend had moved out....



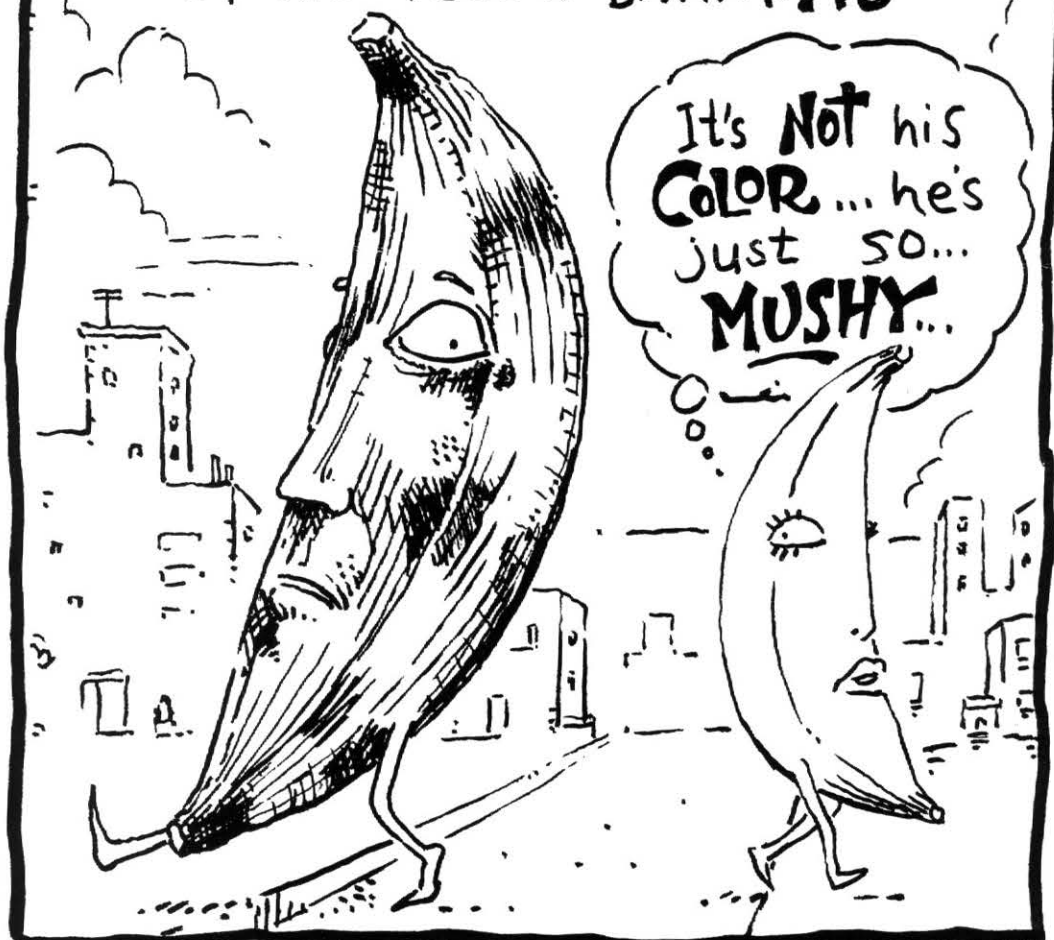
"It's you I'm talking to. Why do you look so sad and forsaken? Don't you know when one door is closed don't you know many more is open."

- Bob Marley

Mr. Verlin's ZONO

BLACK LIKE ME

THE STORY OF A BANANA WHO
CHANGED his COLOR
TO EXPERIENCE THE PREJUDICE
of his fellow BANANAS:



Rik Verlin Livingston '91

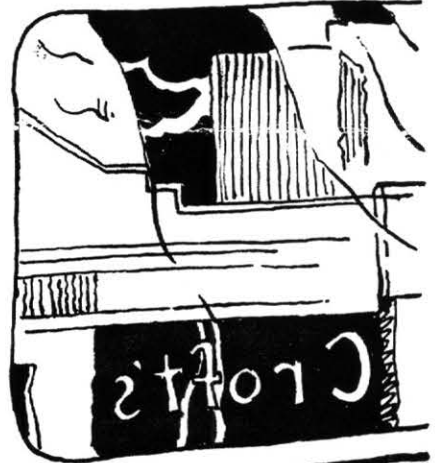
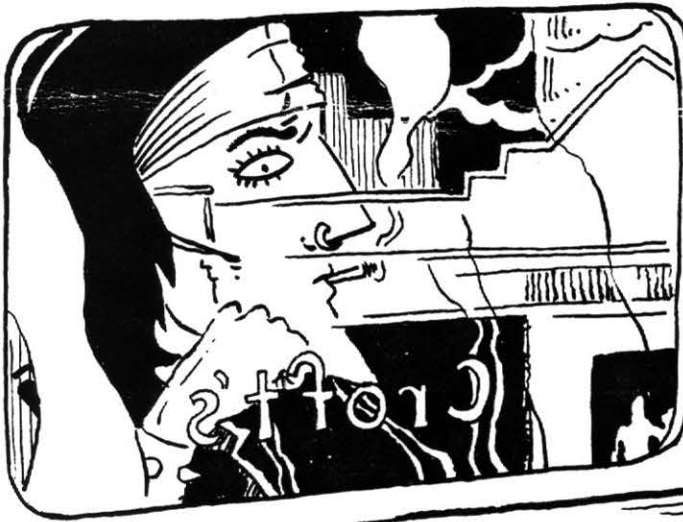
"So the Idea for our current Tour came THE LAST TIME WE PLAYED HERE, 6 MONTHS AGO..."



We pulled into town
And Headed STRAIGHT HERE to SET up FOR THE SHOW...

STAIRWAY TO HELL

by:
• PAUL STOCKTON AND MR. VERLIN •



As we got CLOSER to the CLUB, I started
FEELING UNEASY, BUT I FIGURED I
WAS JUST NERVOUS ABOUT
PLAYING A NEW
TOWN...



So ANYway we Got To the CLUB AND got UNLOADED for the Gig.



LATER I went to the Library...

...and took out...

...some books...

...ON the OCCULT
AND DEMONOLOGY!



ONE of the BOOKS CONTAINED AN INCANTATION
FOR SUMMONING RIKVL...



WELL, I SORT'A...
...LIFTED IT...
to use AS
LYRICS
in A
SONG...



